



HERE'S NEWS FOR C.P.O. CHARLES RIDLEY

HERE'S a happy couple all right, at 14 Durham Road, Stanley, Co. Durham. No need to tell you who they are, Charlie!

Remember the last time you walked into the house? Do you remember turning out that case of yours to an eagerly waiting youngster and seeing his face light up at every action you made when the gifts came out? It was a time when snow lay heavy in the district. When the "Good Morning" photographer called to take

this picture of Elsie and Danny it was snowing again. That back road looked as if it would need clearing of snow very soon. Understand you know something of that, too! Young Danny will soon be having his first taste of school, and he is looking forward to it with interest. He told us to say, in his childish way, that he wanted to see you soon (not forgetting

the bag!). Sure, the kiddies don't forget those things easily, do they? When this picture was taken your father-in-law was peering round the door, and remarked that the boys at the club were asking about you. They all send you their best wishes. Remember the model of the "Porpoise," which Danny has in his hand, and the fellow in Malta who carved it? It's Danny's pride. Elsie sends her love—all's well at home. Good hunting!

YOU'RE RIGHT—WHEN YOU WEND YOUR WAY—says J. M. Michaelson

THE great ploughing campaign in Britain and the enclosure of thousands of acres of ground for aerodromes, camps, and similar military purposes, has meant that for the duration many miles of footpaths and public rights-of-way have been closed.

When the war ends, there will have to be a campaign to ensure that these footpaths and rights-of-way are re-established. To adapt a famous phrase, the price of retaining commons and footpaths for rambling is eternal vigilance.

Once a right-of-way falls into disuse or a footpath is forgotten, it may become very difficult and costly to re-establish the public right. Fortunately to-day there are societies like the Ramblers Association, and the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, whose members make it their business to be vigilant in this matter and have kept their eyes on footpaths during the war.

There are about 300,000 public footpaths in Britain and more than 1,600,000 acres of commons—a great inheritance which we owe to the hardiness of our not-so-distant ancestors in maintaining their rights. During the last century, when a great deal of "enclosure" of commons went on, there were many contests between those who enclosed and commons, or even the public.

Most of these contests were fought in the Law Courts, and since the law on the subject is exceedingly complex, they were often expensive.

The costs in a case in Yorkshire amounted to £16,000, and, more recently, in the case of Stonehenge, where the decision went against the public, to £4,000.

But in the eighties, when feeling was strong, the contests were not confined to the Law Courts. Fences were uprooted and notices torn down.

There were two dramatic cases. One followed the enclosure of Berkhamstead Common. A public-spirited man chartered a special train, which left Euston in great secrecy at midnight, carrying 160 navvies with picks and shovels.

They got out at Tring, marched in the darkness to the fence which had been erected, and when dawn broke it had been demolished.

A lawsuit followed, which was won after four years by Augustus Smith, championing the public's rights.

The other case, also in 1866, followed enclosures of some 3,000 acres of Epping Forest.

The commons determined to assert their ancient rights of movement, grazing and wood picking—all closely associated with the right to ramble. A man named Willingale, with his sons, broke down fences. He was carried before the local justices, who sentenced them to two months' imprisonment.

They were put in damp cells, and one of the sons died. He was hailed as a martyr by

the public, and indignation ran high against the Rector of Loughton, whose enclosure of 1,300 acres had been responsible for the case. Lawsuits followed, ending with the triumph of the commons.

The origin of common land goes back many centuries, in some cases to the Domesday Book. But it was not until the Law of Property Act of 1925 that the general public, as distinct from the commons, had rights to commons any part of which came within an urban area. In 1933 this was also applied to 75,000 acres of Crown Commons in Wales and some 2,100 acres in the Lake District.

Since then there has been much debate about the rights of public access to various places, but the whole business by which Britain enjoys the right to picnic and ramble is delicately balanced. There are still many hundreds of thousands of acres of land where the public are banned or strongly deterred in various ways even from the most harmless enjoyment of "exercise and air," the rights of the general public in common land.

One method of deterring

STEWARDS "MYSTERY VANISHING"—BUT THEY HANGED THREE

STUART MARTIN TELLS THIS CRIME STORY

something more than rents at the local taverns, put a light in her window to guide him home.

She also sent a handyman, John Perry, with instructions to go down the road and see if her husband was coming, and to meet him and bring him in. Then Mrs. Harrison and her son, Edward, went to bed.

A word must be said here about this handyman, Perry. He was a simple soul; half-witted is perhaps the best expression. His mother and brother, Richard, lived not far off, and Richard was reputed to be a bit of a poacher.

Morning came, but no William Harrison, so Edward went out to look for his father. He met John Perry near the house.

In answer to young Harrison's questions, Perry said he had been to the village of Charringworth and had there learned that the elder Harrison had met a friend called Plaisterer, who told him that Harrison had collected £23 in rents.

Perry had also inquired at a tiny hamlet, Ebrington, and there Mr. Harrison had stayed for a little, talking to another friend named Daniel. Harrison had left Daniel about 9 p.m. to return home. That was the last clue.

This statement was corroborated by both Plaisterer and Daniel, to whom young Harrison went, taking Perry with him. But while they were talking together a woman of Ebrington village came peeling along the road with news. Behind a furze bush not far off she had found a hat, neckband and a comb.

Harrison and Perry went off to investigate this. They found the neckband stained with blood, and the hat and comb looked as if they had been chopped by some instrument.

The people were aroused all over the district as the news spread. It looked as if old William Harrison had been murdered. Fields, ditches, ponds were searched and dragged. Even the disused part of the ruined Campden House was explored. There

back to the magistrate, and then Sir Thomas Overbury, J.P., heard a still stranger story. John Perry, in this examination, changed his "confession," again and declared that it was true that Mr. Harrison had been murdered, but the murderers were Richard Perry, his brother, and his own mother!

He filled in the details with gruesome items. He (John) had seen the murder, and had begged Richard not to kill Mr. Harrison; but he was told he was a fool. And he added that the rent money had been taken to the gardens of Campden House and was still buried there.

The local authorities dug for the money, but never found it. Then the police arrested Richard Perry and his mother and charged them with murder—and they charged John Perry, too.

The three accused were placed in the dock at Gloucester in September. The judge was Sir Christopher Turner, but he declined to try them on the charge of murder since there was no body produced to prove Mr. Harrison's death.

When the Spring Assizes arrived, the judge, Sir Benjamin Hyde, ruled that the death of Mr. Harrison could be presumed, and the trial of the Perrys began. It was a tragic business, a deplorable business.

Richard Perry and his mother kept declaring that they were innocent. They declared that John was mad. But the prosecution declared that Richard was known to be a "bad" character, and that his mother was practically a witch.

It was not only flimsy evidence offered for the prosecution. It was presumption rather than even circumstantial. But it was enough.

The three accused were found guilty and were sentenced to death.

was no sign of him—"Mystery Number Two."

It was Edward Harrison who mainly caused suspicion to fall on John Perry, and John Perry was taken before the local justice of the peace, Sir Thomas Overbury.

Under severe questioning, John Perry, the poor dolt, told a strange story. He said he had been afraid to go to Charringworth in the dark, so he crept into a hen-house and slept till midnight, when the moon was full. He had met two men on the road (both of whom corroborated his words) before he went to the hen-house. But in the full moonlight he had gone to Charringworth. Even then he lost his way, but reached Charringworth at last, and spoke to Plaisterer about Mr. Harrison; then turned back towards Campden House when he met young Edward Harrison.

The magistrate listened and then decided to keep John Perry in gaol until the mystery was cleaned up. And in gaol John Perry's wits seem to have deserted him completely.

He "confessed" that Mr. Harrison had been murdered by a travelling tinker; but he changed this murderer from being a tinker to a "gentleman's servant in gold-laced livery." He also said the body was hidden in a hayrick.

Searchers went off to the hayrick which Perry indicated. They tore that rick to pieces. There was no body.

So they hustled John Perry back to the magistrate, and then Sir Thomas Overbury, J.P., heard a still stranger story. John Perry, in this examination, changed his "confession," again and declared that it was true that Mr. Harrison had been murdered, but the murderers were Richard Perry, his brother, and his own mother!

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Edward Harrison—out of "filial piety," he said—influenced the law, and had the three brought from Gloucester to Broadway Hill, near Campden House, so that they might be hanged there "within sight of the windows."

And there these three wretches were hanged. The old woman went first up the scaffold. She declared her innocence to the crowd that had assembled. But she was hanged.

Richard went second, still appealing to John to tell the truth "in the name of God." But Richard was hanged.

Dead silence. Then John Perry was told to go up—to his death.

In a blinding flash of realisation, his wandering brain seems to have returned to its rightful operation. With the noose around his neck he cried out in a terrible voice: "I know nothing of Mr. Harrison's death. I never knew." The rope strangled him. The crowd was stilled by that great cry.

Two years passed. Then one day an elderly man, bowed and travel-stained, walked slowly along the road, glancing at, as he passed, the gibbet bearing its dreadful corpse, and so to Campden House.

He knocked on the door of Edward Harrison's home. Mrs. Harrison opened the door. Before her stood her husband, the man who was supposed to have been murdered!

Oh, it was he all right. All at Campden House recognised him as he declared himself. "Mystery Number Three," was about to be declared. The explanation of this wanderer was, roughly and shortly, that he had been kidnapped as he returned with the rent money.

His kidnappers were three horsemen, gaily dressed, who wounded him, and conveyed him to the coast, where he was put on board a vessel at Deal. This ship was captured by Turkish ships and he was taken as a slave by a "physician 87 years of age" who lived at Smyrna. This aged Turk (said Harrison, in his examination by Sir Thomas Overbury, J.P.) told him that he knew Lincolnshire.

On the Turk falling ill, he told Harrison to flee. The Turk died and Harrison fled. He reached a port, where he got a Hamburg ship to carry him to Lisbon.

At Lisbon he met an Englishman from Wisbech (Lincs), who got him aboard another ship, and he was landed at Dover, and so made his way home.

I have read the old manuscript of Harrison's "travels." It bristles with difficulties and vagueness—no names of ships or masters, or definite statements. In a word, I don't believe it. I have reasons for suspecting that William Harrison was never out of England.

But why should he disappear at all? There have been many guesses. Some have suggested a deep mystery connected with the Civil War. Why guess? We can never know now.

But I DO believe that Edward Harrison, the son, was implicated somehow. Why should he show such savage anxiety to charge John Perry, the village simpleton?

And the Law, which had executed these three? Oh, the Law couldn't do anything except admit that "a miscarriage of justice had taken place."

THE SHOT By ALEXANDER PUSHKIN—PART IV

"Did you know Silvio?"

SEVERAL years passed, and family circumstances compelled me to settle in another poor village. Occupied with agricultural pursuits, I ceased not to sigh in secret for my former noisy and careless life. The most difficult thing of all was having to accustom myself to passing the spring and winter evenings in perfect solitude.

Until the hour for dinner I managed to pass away the time somehow or other, talking with the bailiff, riding about to inspect the work, or going round to look at the new buildings; but as soon as it began to get dark I positively did not know what to do with myself.

The few books that I had found in the cupboards and store-rooms I already knew by heart. All the stories that my housekeeper, Kirilovna, could remember I had heard over and over again. The songs of the peasant women made me feel depressed.

I tried drinking spirits, but it made my head ache; and, moreover I confess I was afraid of becoming a drunkard from mere chagrin, that is to say, the saddest kind of drunkard, of which I had seen many examples in our district.

I had no near neighbours, except two or three toppers, whose conversation consisted for the most part of hiccups and sighs. Solitude was preferable to their society.

At last I decided to go to bed as early as possible and to dine as late as possible; in this way I shortened the evening and lengthened out the day, and I found that the plan answered very well.

Four years from my house was a rich estate belonging to the Countess B—, but nobody lived there except the steward. The Countess had only visited her estate once, in the first year of her married life, and then she had remained there no longer than a month.

But in the second spring of my hermetical life a report was circulated that the Countess and her husband were coming to spend the summer on her estate. The report turned out to be true, for they arrived at the beginning of June.

The arrival of a rich neighbour is an important event in the lives of country people. The landed proprietors and the people of their household talk about it for two months beforehand, and for three years afterwards.

As for me, I must confess that the news of the arrival of a young and beautiful neighbour affected me strongly. I burned with impatience to see her; and the first Sunday after her arrival I set out after dinner to pay my respects to the Countess and her husband, as their nearest neighbour and most humble servant.

A lackey conducted me into the Countess's study, and then went to announce me. The spacious apartment was furnished with every possible luxury. Around the walls were cases filled with books and surmounted by bronze busts; over the marble mantelpiece was a large mirror; on the floor was a green cloth covered with carpets.

Unaccustomed to luxury in my own poor corner, and not having seen the wealth of other people for a long time, I awaited the appearance of the Count with some little trepidation, as a suppliant from the provinces awaits the arrival of the minister.

The door opened, and a handsome-looking man, of about thirty-two years of age, entered the room. The Count approached me with a frank and friendly air; I endeavoured to be self-possessed and began to introduce myself, but he anticipated me. We sat down.

His conversation, which was easy and agreeable, soon dissipated my awkward bashfulness, and I was already beginning to recover my usual composure when the Countess suddenly entered, and I became more confused than ever. She was

indeed beautiful. The Count presented me.

I wished to appear at ease, but the more I tried to assume an air of unconstraint, the more awkward I felt. They, in order to give me time to recover myself and to become accustomed to my new acquaintances, began to talk to each other, treating me as a good neighbour, and without ceremony.

Meanwhile, I walked about the room, examining the books and pictures. I am no judge of pictures, but one of them attracted my attention.

It represented some view in Switzerland, but it was not the painting that struck me, but the circumstance that the canvas was shot through by two bullets, one planted just above the other.

"A good shot, that!" said I, turning to the Count.

"Yes," replied he, "a very remarkable shot. . . . Do you shoot well?" he continued.

"Tolerably," replied I, rejoicing that the conversation had turned at last upon a subject that was familiar to me. "At thirty paces I can manage to hit a card without fail—I mean, of course, with a pistol that I am used to."

"Really?" said the Countess, with a look of the greatest interest. "And you, my dear, could you hit a card at thirty paces?"

"Some day," replied the Count, "we will try. In my time I did not shoot badly, but it is now four years since I touched a pistol."

"Oh!" I observed, "in that case I don't mind laying a wager that Your Excellency will not hit the card at twenty paces; the pistol demands practice every day. I know that from experience. In our regiment I was reckoned one of the best shots. It once happened that I did not touch a pistol for a whole month, as I had sent mine to be mended; and would you believe it, Your Excellency, the first time I began to shoot again I missed a bottle four times in succession at twenty paces!"

"Our captain, a witty and amusing fellow, happened to be standing by, and he said to me, 'It is evident, my friend, that your hand will not lift itself against the bottle.' No, Your Excellency, you must not neglect to practise, or your hand will soon lose its cunning. The best shot that I ever met used to shoot at least three times every day before dinner. It was as much his custom to do this as it was to drink his daily glass of brandy."

The Count and Countess seemed pleased that I had begun to talk.

"And what sort of a shot was he?" asked the Count.

Solution to Picture Quiz in No. 243.
Close-up of a File.

"Well, it was this way with him, Your Excellency: if he saw a fly settle on the wall—you smile, Countess, but, before Heaven, it is the truth. If he saw a fly, he would call out, 'Kouzka, my pistol!' Kouzka would bring him a loaded pistol—bang! and the fly would be crushed against the wall."

"Wonderful!" said the Count. "And what was his name?"

"Silvio, Your Excellency."

"Silvio!" exclaimed the Count, starting up. "Did you know Silvio?"

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. Dog's-nose is a wild flower, part of a railway engine, drink, term in printing, kind of gesture?
2. Who wrote (a) The Road-mender, (b) The Amateur Gentleman?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Tansy, Meadowsweet, Pimpernel, Primrose, Pimpernickel, Dandelion?
4. On what river does Winchester stand?
5. What is the proper meaning of the word "aggravate"?
6. What is the date of Empire Day?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Pantheon, Protocol, Nepotism, Knatterjack, Juniper, Herberium?
8. What is the estimated population of the world?
9. Is Mont Blanc in Italy or France?
10. What are "tins" made of?
11. What is the capital of the Bahamas?
12. Complete the phrases: (a) A pretty kettle —, (b) An Ugly —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 243

1. Fish.
2. (a) Rider Haggard, (b) Kipling.
3. Cachuca is a dance; others are musical instruments.
4. Doctors.
5. 1939.
6. 1878.
7. Commissariat, Mountebank.
8. Ordinary Seaman.
9. A horse has no collarbone.
10. That at Spitzbergen, 750 miles from the North Pole.
11. Lima.
12. (a) A guinea, (b) A hunter.

ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



GENTLY, BROTHER, GENTLY.

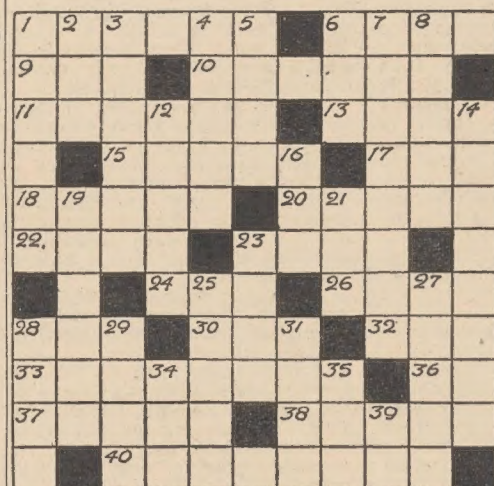
Remember Omar Khayyam's reference to the Potter—"gently, brother, gently, pray"? Well, here is the typical Eastern potter at work on the borders of Palestine, filing away at his pots, labouring at a craft that is as old as the world. Whether he murmurs the philosophy of Omar to himself doesn't matter; he is making the pots in the same way as the Israelites made them before Pharaoh swept them into bondage.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Old Parr, who lived to be 152, was not the oldest Englishman. This honour probably belongs to Henry Jenkins, who died in 1670 at the age of 169. To his dying day he remembered carrying arrows for Henry VIII's army at the Battle of Flodden, September 9, 1513—157 years before. So his memory went back for more years than Old Parr lived.

There is a curious "territorial" link between London and Moscow. Bricks were scarce after the great fire which destroyed Moscow in 1812, so the Russians purchased the King's Cross dust-heap for £500 for conversion into concrete, and this "little bit of London" became part of the new Moscow.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

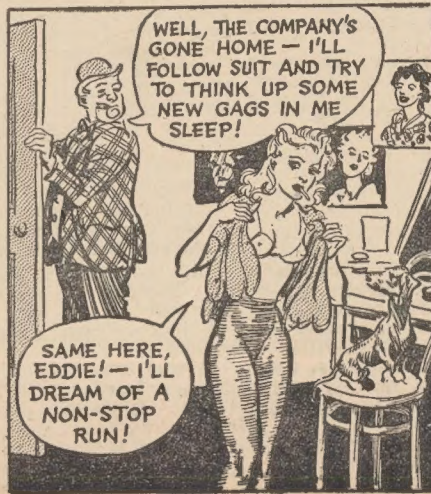
1. Long letter.
6. Acquaintances.
9. Weeding implement.
10. Obstinate.
11. Part of foot.
13. Standard.
15. Feels concern.
17. Hertford's river.
18. Sincerely.
20. Crustacean.
22. Try to get.
23. Drawn tight.
24. Old saying.
26. Mountain.
28. Perch.
30. Incline.
32. Mrs. Rabbit.
33. End station.
36. Otherwise.
37. Perfect.
38. Quantities of paper.
40. Completeness.

CLUES DOWN.

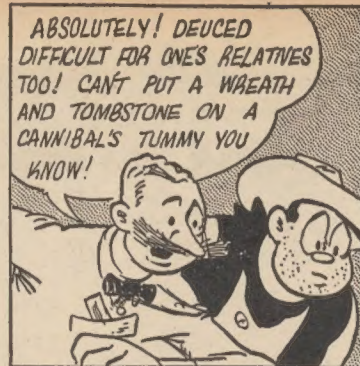
1. Relays.
2. Study.
3. Save.
4. Polishing mineral.
5. Take in.
6. Family.
7. Put apart.
8. Cast.
12. Chats.
14. Business chiefs.
16. Health resort.
19. Depended.
21. Difficulty.
23. Counterpart.
25. Sloping.
27. Spacious.
28. Move.
29. Ash.
31. Feline sound.
34. Draughts piece.
35. Perceive.
39. Close beside.

DASH PLEDGE
CLOSE PERM
GOATEE IBIS
URN CROCUS
ENTER PUTTS
S LEMUR C
TREAT LEAVE
AMPERE WON
ODES INNATE
FINE STROKE
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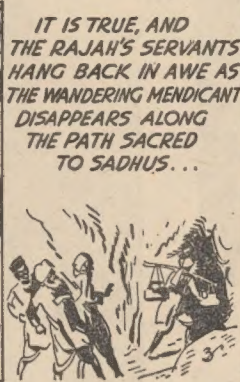
JANE



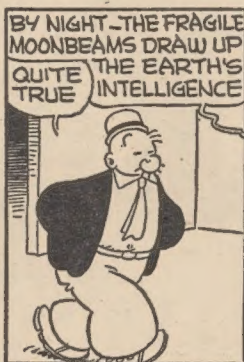
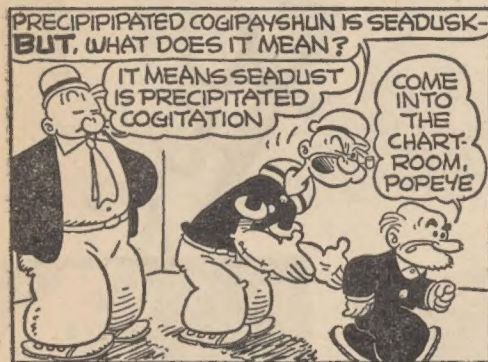
BEELZEBUB JONES



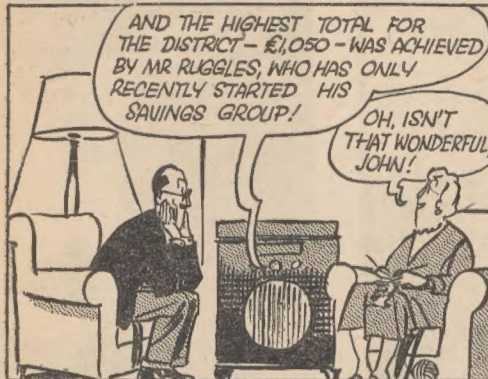
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



A Suffolk Pub Crawl

With Richard Keverne

"RED as the Martlesham Lion" is an old East Anglian saying. The expression has escaped into other parts of England where few people know what it means. But most East Anglians, certainly all Suffolk folk, ought to be able to tell you at once. It means the bright, red-painted sign of the "Red Lion Inn" at the bottom of Martlesham Hill on the Ipswich-to-Yarmouth road.

They say that this fine sign was once the figure-head of a Dutch ship-of-war sunk in the Battle of Sole Bay, off Southwold, in 1672. The inn's original sign probably was, for the "Red Lion" is an ancient house that was standing long before that year. But the present lion is a replacement, put up about a hundred years later, and was the figure-head of a ship wrecked on the Suffolk coast.

East Anglia's most famous inn sign has long since disappeared, though its inn, the "White Hart," or the "Great Inn of Scole," still stands on the Ipswich-Norwich road.

The sign was perhaps the most elaborate and costly one ever erected in England. Ornately carved with figures of angels and lions and white harts, one of which acted as a weather vane, this sign spanned the road in front of the house, and cost £1,057 to put up in 1655.

There are a lot of odd, cosy old inns scattered along the highways and byways of Suffolk.

One is "The Boat" at Woodbridge Quay. It is well known to all sailing men on the Suffolk coast, and is noticed by tens of thousands of railway passengers each year, for the train passes right by it. It is a comfortable, old-fashioned pub, built over 300 years ago, with a snug, low-ceilinged tap-room overlooking the tidal river.

And every customer of "The Boat" knows Polly, who lives in the stable adjoining. She is a mare getting on in years now and living in honourable retirement. She has belonged to the landlord almost since she was foaled. Everyone has a word with Polly, and, if there's a carrot or an apple to spare, a little offering for her, too.

Another Suffolk landlord who was devoted to horses was portly, friendly old Stephen Harper, of the "Jolly Sailor" at Orford. Stephen died in the early days of the war, and his death was mourned by hundreds of friends.

Though his pleasant inn is but a stone's throw from tide water at Orford Quay, and the bulk of his regular customers followed the sea for business or pleasure, he cared nothing for the water. He had been born and bred with horses. He loved them.

There were always one or two on his bit of marshland opposite the inn, and on many a snowy winter night, if he thought his beloved horses needed care, he would get out of bed to go to look to them.

We have some oddly named inns in East Suffolk. There is "The Oyster" at Butley. It probably took its name years ago from the oyster fishery in the neighbouring creeks.

There is "The Boot" at Freston, but "The Boot," a hundred years ago, was "The Boat," and anyone who knows the distinctive way in which Suffolk fishermen pronounce the word "boat" can guess how that change of sign came about.

"The Butt and Oyster" at Pin Mill, on the Orwell, is famous among sailing men. The sign is an old one, and, just in case you don't know, a Butt is a flat-fish.

There is "The Plough and Sail" by the waterside at Snape Bridge, a name well suited to a pub where the tan-sailed barges come up into the very heart of the country. I remember another "Plough and Sail" on one of the Essex creeks at Paglesham, where you used to get a marvellous drink—damson gin. Then there is "The Village Maid" at Lound, near Lowestoft, "The Wig," not far from Halesworth, and one that beats me to explain.

That is "The Eel's Foot" on the edge of the marshland by the coast, Minsmere way. What an eel's foot may be I haven't the least idea, and I'm still trying to find out.



"But listen, lady, that was a snookin' fog we had last night!"

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



This England

A glimpse through a break in the trees, and there, at the foot of the hill nestles the village of Aldbury, Herts.



"Is that your little brother? Coover, isn't he tiny! Well, you were the same yourself once — We both were, so Mummy said. Isn't it all funny?"



MAKING A FACE AT YOU

And this is Sheila Ryan, of 20th Century Fox, doing it.

PENGUIN TEASE

"You'd be so nice to come home to."

"Well, make up your mind, buddy. It's mating season, so what about it?"



A SAD TAIL

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Two faced, Huh?"

